FI REEK

Mrs. Inez Jones of Marshall was the guest of her uncle, Anthony Huff a few days last week.

Earl Brown was shopping it Gilliam last Thursday.

Ralph Gwinn, the mail carrier on route 4, had the mis ortune of having a break down last Frida morning. By borrowing a saddle die from A. Huff he managed to make it to Slater alright, but unusual late.

Miss Lura Shepard was the dinner guest of Miss Bessie Haynes Sunday.

August Berlekamp was shopping in Gilliam Thursday. Curtis Huff was a Slater caller

Thursday. Walter Fisher was in our vicin-

ity Saturday. Iman Bros. bought a span of young mules from Frank Hoener

fast week. August Berlekamp was ato, ping in Slater Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Crosslin war shopping in Slater Tue day. John Hoener hought a spin o young mules from Frank Kiso last

Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Dille trading in Gilliam Monday.

Tuesday morning it was disgovered that a tramp had broken into the Pleacant Hill school house state that the damages were not severe.

MT. LEONARD

Misses Kathleen Kellett and Ger trude Lyac's were Mar hall visitors Friday.

Mrs. W. H. Wilson entertained a day a ternoon.

Dr. F. W. Tuttle attended the medical lecture in Marshall Friday

Mrs. R. B. Wrig'it and daughter. Miss Cora, went over to Swret my who is still very ill.

W. W. Lync's came over from Sedalia Saturday to visit relatives here and while here through a mistake in directions took an over days o' med'c'ne containing poison I've a right to keep it. My sorority and was in a dangerous condition for a few hours. Dr. Tuttle this place and Dr. Richart of Black burn were called and relieved him of all danger in a short time.

C. R. Paul left Monday on business trip to North Missouri where he has interests.

Grip seems to pervail in our community. All of the family of T. S. Smith have been down, also Mes Clate er Hopkins,

Mrs. F. E. Reil'ev returned home Thursday from Boonville where she rpent a week visiting relatives Little Francis Bently, south of town is quite sick with pneumonia

R. B. Wright received a fire lot of cattle in last week to feed W. H. Wilson is on a business trip out in Karna; this week

The W. C. T. U. met in regniar session at the home of E. P. Grimes Tuesday afternoon A number of visitors wwere present to hear the excellent program and to partake of Mrs. Grimes haspitality.

M. G. Bray was a guest of relatives at Waverly several days last week.

J. J. Robertson shipped out fine lot of fat cattle last week.

Always a Grown of Thorns.

The chief of men is he who stands in the van of men, fronting the peril which frightens back all others, which. If he not vanquished, will devous the others. Every noble crown is, and on earth will forever be, a crown of thorns.-Carlyle.

Compromise.

"Do you take this woman for bet-ter or worse?" "I do, judge, I do. But I hope yo kin kinder strike an sverage."-Washington Herald.

So That the World May Know A good many widows get married murely to show that they can, and not because they have any liking for matrimony.

Putting Hubby Right.

Hubby-"My dear, won't you sev on a button for me before you go out' His New Wife-"The cook may possibly do it for you. But please bear in mind you married a typewriter, not a sewing machine."

Since there are no longer any gunr on the gun deck or any berths on berth deck, the naval authorities have wisely decided to abolish the wames.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Strenuous Competition The grade crossing auto combina on is proving almost as dangerous to Me as the unloaded gun.

Some women's love is like a foo. men's livery—elightly affored to fored handed on to the new man. - The

CALIFORNIA PARTIE

TOKEN OF ADMIRATION KEEPING UP WITH BESS ALL THE MAN'S FAULT SHE GOT RIO OF HIM

By JULIA CONWAY.

It had always been the rule in the Crompton family for the chi. Iren to share and share alike, but when pretty Claribel, the eldest, received the beautiful basket of bonbons, a token of the admiration of a youth whom she had met while visiting in the sum-mer, she inwardly rebelled at the prospect of seeing the delicious sweets melt away like the dew before the sun. For the young Cromptons al-ways made remarkably short work of a box of candy.

"I speak first for that big plece of candled pineapple," said Alice as the children gathered around Claribel to see the delectable package opened. "Can I have some o' them candied

violets, Claribel?" asked small Joe. "No, you can't." Claribel quickly raised the basket beyond the reach of Joe's none too clean hand. "You can't have any, because you said, 'them' instead of 'those."

"Well, I don't care if I did. You ate more'n half the taffy I bought with the nickel dad gave me for having my spelling paper right."
"And it was the first time he ever

got a perfect mark," chimed Helen, Why, Claribel, aren't you going to let us have any of the candy? You shut down the basket lid with a regular forever bang.'

Mayn't I have that pineapple to put in my lunch box?" asked Alice. "I Monday night. We are glad to guess if you had to take an old lunch to school every day the way I do,

you'd-"No, Alice," returned Claribel with dignity. "I'm going to save this candy.

"Save it!" exclaimed all the children. "What for?" demanded Carita.

You know I had the toothache yesterday and couldn't eat any of your birthtimited number of ladies last Pri- day candy. I think I ought to have day a ternoon.

"And get the toothache again," scornfully remarked Claribel. "If you weren't such a baby about going to the dentist you could have your teeth fixed."

"Well, what good would it do if Springs Friday to see Mrs. Aubrey you're always going to save your

"I'm not always going to save it," replied Claribel in a tone of martyred patience, "but this is a very special basket of candy and I think if I don't want it all gobbled up the first minute is going to meet here a week from next Saturday and I want to show all the girls this beautiful basket just as it is. Then I'll pass it around and you can all have some.

"Yes, after the sorority girls have picked it all over," grumbled Alice. "Some day you may wish to join my sorority, Alice."

Alice, being an aspirant for early election to her sister's sorority, looked somewhat chagrined and mentioned casually that it was time to be going to school. After the others were gone Claribel hastily looked about for a hiding place for her basket of candy. After a moment's desperate thoughtfor nothing was sacred in the house of Crompton-she flew into the library and secreted the candy with considerable satisfaction at her bright idea.

"Where on earth did you put your candy?" asked Helen the next day. "Oh, were you looking for it?" "No, of course not, but I didn't see

where it was." suppose you all wondered." Claribel was smiling superior. "I just

put it away." Joe, coming in from play on the Sat urday of the sorority meeting, forced his way into the library against the advice of his young sisters, who warned him that Claribel would be

angry if he went into the meeting, which was always very secret. "I don't care if it is a secret," de-clared Joe. "Claribel promised me some candled vi'lets today and I want

"Joe, run right away," commanded Claribel as he entered the room. You know you can't come to our

"I don't want to come to your meet ing. All I want is the candy you said

"Oh, my basket of candy!" fairly shricked Claribel. "It's all burned up. "Why, how can it be?" asked Alice, who had rushed in, having been listening at the door. "Where was it?"

Claribel pointed at the fireplace. "I put it under the cedar boughs father brought in from the country to make the fireplace look pretty, and when the girls came today I thought how cheerful the fire would be and I lighted it and forgot all about the candy!

All her sisters, sorority and real, gathered sympathetically about the weeping Claribel, but Joe said, guess now you're sorry you didn't give me them candied vi'lets."

Bobby's Circumiccution. Mrs. Kawler—Who is the smartes boy In your school, Bobby? Bobby—Well, Johnny Smith says he

Mrs. Kawler-But who do you think

Bobby-I'd rather not say. I'm not so conceited as Johnay Smith. ton Transcript.

Culinary Demand.

"Sure, mim," said the new cook suddenly appearing in the doorway. "could I be afther boryin' th' boss's safety razor for a little while?"
"Safety razor?" echoed Mrs. Noo

"What for, Norsh?"
"Sure, mim, I want to shave the rabbit before I sthew him."—Harper What for, Norah?" Weekly

BY ANNIE SEIGERBACHER.

After the stout woman had flopped into the hearest armchair, scattering about twenty-four Christmas bundles on the floor as she did so, she heaved even a deeper sigh than one would naturally have expected under the cir-

"What's the matter?" asked her friend. "You look as though you'd lost pounds and pounds from worry." "I think I have," replied the stout woman, rather feebly. "You see, it's

Bessie. Bessie's my favorite siece, as you know, and she's burdened with over-indulgent parents who give her everything she wants before she knows that she wants it. Now, how is it possible to please such a girl with any kind of gift? She has jewelry by the pound and she gets enough candy every Christmas to feed an orphan asylum. So whenever December comes around I begin to wring my hands and say, 'What under the shining sun can I get for Bessie?" That's the way I got my first gray bairs! I get a fresh installment of them every Christmas."

She was calming down now. Her friend had politely assumed an air of

deep attention. "After hours and hours of brain racking effort," went on the stout woman, "I found out that Bessle wanted Princeton pennant. There was one Princeton pennant left in the sport ing goods section the day I went to buy Bessie's present and I wrestled for it with two husky youths, a middle aged woman and half a dozen giggly girls. I got it, too, although in the process I lost three perfectly good jet outtons and sprained my wrist.

"That night Bessie's beau brought her an atrocious big Princeton pennant about three times the size of the one I had worked so hard for. Sweet of him, wasn't it?"

"Go on," begged her friend. "Your thrilling recital makes a war story look as flat as a plug hat that's been sat on. What happened next?"

"Bessle came over to my house one day," said the stout woman, "and raved about an embroidered shirt waist of mine that some poor soul had spent six monts making. Well, that gave me an idea and I immediately started to make Bessie one like it in six days. I embroidered until I saw, French knots dancing all over the wall and I counted stitches in my sleep. Even my football playing son, who reels off signals in his dreams, became alarmed at the symptons that I displayed. My family rose in wrath when I brought the thing to the table at dinner and embroidered between courses. And then when the waist was nearly completed Bessie casually announced that she thought embroidered shirt waists were getting common and she woudn't wear one for anything."

"Dear, dear!" murmured her friend, sympathetically.

"I felt like telling Bessie that if she changed her mind again she wouldn't get any present from me," said the stout woman. "But next morning I started out on the warpath, all spliffed up in my oldest clothes, so that I could grab bargains with the best of them. I ran into a sale of jewelry -women six deep fighting over lit tle 99 cent reduced from \$1 coin purses, and all trying to get waited on at once. It took me half an hour to get next to the counter. Really, it was cruel the way I climbed over Anyway, I got there, found the colu purses all gone, took another half hou getting untangled and had to pay \$3 for the same thing in another

'After I'd been patting myself on the back for about a day for having rolved the problem I met Bessie be the street. She halled me, and the broke inte lamentations. you think Aunt Helen? she said. Uncle Billy brought me another coin

"When I came to I was in a drug store and Bessie was rubbing my bead and cooling, 'You shouldn't worry so over Christmas. You know you do too

"'Yes, I know, Bessie, I said. 'What do you want for Christmas?"
"Why, I don't know, she replied.

Nothing much that I can think of. A want a diamond ring, but daddy won't "I think now that I'll go a florist's and order a couple of dozen roses for Bessle—the stems to be at least three

feet long. I sent her some when she had appendicities and she raved over them then, but now—goodness knows! She may have developed a case of rose fever by this time. "Honestly, the thought of all the Christmasse that are yet to come is enough to kill any one. Yes, I do feel as though I'd been through a key-

"Well, Merry Christmas! Here goes

tor Bessie's!" Don't Shoot.

"Here's an item," observed Rivers who was looking over the exchange to the effect that the king of Swede

"I suppose he uses them," suggested Brook, "to drive his Stockholm." After which the rattle of the typ writer broke out afresh with gre

By BERTRUDE ! LLETT.

"No," said P "a, "I'll not go with you on a lake ... it this year. I have you on a lake ... it this year. I have too vivie a recollection of my last lake trip. Mrs. Clark invited me to go to Becamabe with her and Pay on a freight boat. I was delighted. Pay had been on the trip before and she reported that she had the time of her life.

"The trip to Escanaba was a dream.
The captain and sailors could not do enough for us. It was moonlight and the lake looked beautiful. I felt as if I was on a private yacht. It was perfect till we started back.

"At Escanaba they loaded the boat with tons of iron ore. The vessel sank

deeper and deeper into the water, un-til it began to look like a submarine. Then when we started for Chicago we were towing a barge loaded with more tons and tons of ore.

"We had been on our way a day, when I saw that the sky looked like lead, with ugly yellow streaks across it. I said to Mrs. Clark, 'I think we shall have a storm." "You know how optimistic she is!

With that sky above us, she gayly remarked, 'Oh, do you think so?'
"It was not long before the storm broke. The wind came suddenly and the rain came down like an overturned sea. We hurried into the protection

of the cabin and watched the storm. "It was awful the way the boat creaked. I will say nothing about the way it rocked. The rope which pulled the barge broke like a thread. In a few minutes it seemed miles away.

"Presently I saw a sallor make his way to the lifeboat. I watched him anxiously. He was working at the

"I said to Mrs. Clark, 'He is going to lower the lifeboat and you must know what that, means."

"She did not answer me, but pushed the screen door open and rushed up to the man, pulled his sleeve and asked, 'Are you going to lower the lifeboat?' He paid no attention to

"She came back, threw herself into a seat and sobbed. 'I shall never see my husband again."

"Tables and chairs were sliding about. In despair I dropped upon the floor. Oh, why did I ever come! Tons of iron below me! I could see the boat go down into the lake like a cannon ball. 'I know when I strike the water.

I cried Til go straight to the bottom." "Fay answered, despairingly, 'We all will. There'll be no other place to go! "Like a flash all the mean things

had ever done rushed through my mind. I never knew before that crisis on the lake that there were so many of them. "Suddenly Fay jumped up. 'I am

going to put on a life preserver,' she exclaimed. "There was none in sight. We began to hunt frantically. The boat

pitched us in every direction. "We looked on the ceiling, on the walls and even tore the cushions from the chairs. There was no sign of life preservers. Where could those men have put them? At last Mrs. Clark found them in a closet, covered with insect powder. We pulled them out and each grabbed one.

"Pay was wriggling into here it pooked like a doughnut. I had on a cork jacket with the back to the front. Tie it!' I kept on screaming to them.
"Mrs. Clark had one on and was
trying to get into another. We were il eneesing because of the insect

"Mrs. Clark ran to the door for fresh air. 'Oh, girla' she called. There is the steward bringing us tea. and the lifeboat is still in the place!" leps, Yes, there was the lifeboat! I

By this time the staward came up the boat going to sink? cried Mrs. "'Sink? No, everything is all right."

"The captain came in at that min-

"The captain came in at that minute. 'He was sent to fasten it more
securely,' said the captain.

"Then why couldn't he say so?'
cried Mrs. Clark.

"I never could tell you how those
men jaughed. We began to pull at

those life preservers. When mine came off I looked as if I had been rolled in insect powder. It was a comfort to see the other two look as they had just escaped from an in-

me asplum.
"My puffs are gone! cried Pay.
coling her fiattened head. They were brand new!"
"If wen't matter, said Mrs. Clark.
Brown pulls do not match reliew

By HELEN MILLER

Bome men are born persistent, remarked Miss Pearl Pattershall the stenographer from across the hall, as they are their noos sandwiches to-gether behind the files. "It nearly drives a girl crasy trying to discourage 'em. I don't know whether they are so stuck on themselves they can't believe any buman woman wouldn't choke to death with joy at being no-ticed by them or whether they are just ordinary stupid. Believe me, I know —after Mr. Blewer!"

'Who's he?' asked the stenographer from across the hall.

"Him?" inquired Miss Fattershall, poising the remnants of her ham sandwich daintily in the air. "Why, Mr. Blewer is the only one out of cap-tivity, that's who he is—and he just walled for handcuffs put on by me, but I couldn't see it that way-not with the prospect of Jimmy's getting more pay after New Year's! Mr. Blewer is tall and looks as though he was varnished. You know that kind-varnished collar an' cuffs, an' hair an' teeth an' everything!

"I don't believe he ever sat down after his clothes were pressed till he got to our house. I never saw such a perfectly immaculate man. There wasn't a thing to object to in that line. He was always just right and I guess that's why he made me so tired

"He's manager for the third floor at Pickle's factory and he can take a taxi whenever he wants to. That kind of dazzled me at first after hanging to a street car strap all the way home, but constant luxury soon palls,

"I treated that man to more varieties of snubs that you could count and he just hung around all the steadier. When I snapped his head off he merely murmured that he liked my sparkling vivacity and when I sulked he admired my dignified reserve. I for got engagements with him and he kept right on asking me. Why, do you know, if I ever forgot to keep an engagement with Jimmy he'd drop me like a hot potato! You can't fool with Jimmy! But Mr. Blewer, he just came right on. I'd keep him waiting an hour while I dressed and when I came down, instead of his gnawing his cane with rage, I'd find him comfortably reading a last month's maga-

"If he brought me flowers I'd pin them on so they'd drop and get lost before we were a block away and when it was candy I always gave it to my little brother before him, saying couldn't eat that variety of bunbuns. No, I wasn't ashamed of myself, because he might have had less conceit and more sense! A perfect lady hasn't much of any way of telling a man he's a bore and a back number with her except by the indirect lighting system-and if he's as blind as a bat that isn't her fault!

"Well, I had to get rid of Mr. Blewer somehow, because Jimmy was beginning to paw the air and breathe hard and I didn't want any duel on our front doorstep an' my picture in the papers labeled, 'Beautiful an' wealthy society girl, heroine of a romance! Not for me! I have a little pride left!

"How do you suppose I got rid of Mr. Blewer now, honest? Perfectly simple, my dear, and I'm telling you in case you get desperate some time. dropping hints to him what a wonder-fully fine cook I was and how I hatel pounding a typewriter all day when my soul just longed for a gas range and a sack of flour and a recipe book and a sade of flour and a recipe bool I said the dream of my life was thave time to cook delicious thing that would melt in your mouth an that sometimes when I could persuad mother to go and visit her sister got the dinner.

"He actually stuttered trying to a fast enough that ho'd like so much be invited to one of my ewn dinne

"Mother is peculiar she's so tright fully house to I had to get her out of the house before I could turn the trick. She nearly gave me heart dis-Josefe's that day after all—but I finally got her started. Maybe I didn't rush home from the office that night! I told my kid brother and sister that If they so much as pesped at anything they had to eat that night I was no

longer a sister of theirs—and then i set to work.

"Sugared the soup and spilled the salthox into the boiled cabbage and burned the meat till it was like leather and flavored the gravy with

PRODUCTION OF COMB-HO

of Fundamental Requirements Equipment le Hives le That They De Uniferm in Size.

(By GEORGE & DEMUTH) A beehive must serve the dual pur pose of being a home for a colony of the beekeeper. Its main requirements are along the line of its adaptation to the various manipula-tions of the apiary in so far as these do not materially interfere with the prote tion and comfort it affords the colony of bees. Since rapid manipu-lation is greatly facilitated by simple and uniform apparatus, one of the fundamental requirements of the equipment in hives is that they be of the same style and size, with all parts exactly alike and interchangeable throughout the aplary. While the simple and inexpensive as possible, consistent with their various func tions, a cheap and poorly constructed beehive is, all things considered, and

expensive piece of apparatus. For comb-honey production the brood chamber should be of such a size that by proper management it may be well filled with brood at the beginning of the honey flow, so that the brood and surplus apartments may be definitely separated. A brood chamber may be considered too large if by proper management it is not on an average fairly well filled with



Super With Section Holder for Ber way Sections.

broad at the heginning of the honey

flow, and too small if it provides an average of less room than the colony is able to occupy with brood previous to the honey flow. Unless the beekeeper practices feeding, a brood chamber that does not contain sumclent room for both winter stores and brood rearing during late summer and autumn may also be considered too small. It may be well to note that by this standard, if the brood chamber seems to be too small the fault may lie in the management during the previous autumn, winter or spring. Of course the brood chamber that is barely large enough for one colony will be too large for another in the same aplary, or the character of the season may be such that all brood chambers may be too small for best results one season and too large the next, so an average must be sought.

The sectional hive in which the brood chamber is composed of two or more shallow hive bodies, making it horizontally divisible, offers some advantages, especially to the comb-boney specialist. Most of the ordinary manipulations can be performed readily with such hives without removing the frames. One of their greatest advantages in comb-honey production is the rapidity with which the aplarist can examine the colonies for queen cells if natural swarming is to be controlled by manipulation.

Some of the advantages of the plain over the beeway sections are: (1) They are simpler in construction. being plain with no insets, the plain sections are more easily cleaned of propells when being prepared for market and are especially adapted to cleaning by machinery. (3) By leaving the spacers in the super, sections of the same honey content occupy less space in the shipping case, thus reducing the cost of packages.

(4) The plain section is adapted to an arrangement permitting freer com-munication lengthwise of the row of sections, especially at the corners. Some of the advantages of the be

somewhat less liable to injury by handling. (2) Being wider at the

way section are: (1) The honey

ranger. (3) Some markets, be ed to the larger cases neces of plain sections, simply because it is

Irish National Color. The color officially recognized for Ireland is blue, St. Patrick's blue, and that was anciently and honorably recognized as the Irish color. In the oyal standard of the United Kingon the quarter biasoning Ireland hove this field of blue as the back-round for the golden harp with its liver strings. The ribbon of the order of St. Patrick is of the same The green is the revolutions and is quite modern. Some urians maintain that the carli ing of breinnd was of orange, to intedsting the more recent factions of that solor.